

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XXIII

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1916.

NO. 14

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COUNTY BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

The county board of supervisors met in special session Monday, March 27th, for the purpose of making up the list of election officers for the coming presidential primaries on May 2d.

The list of names submitted was accepted and the clerk was instructed to notify all those whose names appeared on said list that they are being considered for appointment as election officers in their respective precincts.

The district attorney was instructed to give a written opinion in the matter of demanding deposits from contracts for plans and specifications furnished the latter when bidding on county work.

The board adjourned at 11:40 a. m., to meet next Monday, April 3d.

RAINFALL IN THIS CITY.

The data of rainfall in this city kept by G. W. Holston, local Southern Pacific agent, for this season to date is as follows:

Date.	Inches.
Nov. 30, total for month.....	1.30
Dec. 31, total for month.....	9.37
January 31, total for month.....	18.91
February 29, total for month.....	2.96
March 1.....	.56
March 2.....	.05
March 4.....	.05
March 19.....	.45
March 20.....	.10
March 22.....	.16

Total for season to date..... 33.91
Total to April 1, 1915..... 26.55

WOMAN'S CLUB.

The regular meeting of the Woman's Club will be held next Thursday afternoon.

For Rent—For housekeeping, two and three rooms. Inquire P. Palla, Central Hotel, corner of Lux avenue and San Bruno road. Advt.

For Rent—Furnished housekeeping rooms. The Heidelberg, San Bruno road. Advt.

For sale or to let—Two cottages, same as rent; \$4.50 month rent. J. M. Custer, San Bruno. Advt.

See the F. Thomas & Co. dyeing and cleaning establishment new ad. in this issue. Advt.

Found—A small reticule containing two religious medals and two 10-cent pieces. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for ad. Advt.

A few improved lots on Grand avenue for sale at a bargain. South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company. See John F. Mager, Sales Agent. Advt.

ANNOUNCEMENT FROM CITY CLERK W. J. SMITH

South San Francisco, Cal., April 7, 1916.

To the Voters of the City of South San Francisco:

On the eve of our general municipal election, which will be held April 10, 1916, I wish to say a few words on behalf of my candidacy for re-election to the office of city clerk and ex-officio assessor of this city.

I have held this office since October 15, 1908, and have always tried to give satisfaction. In assessing property values I have equalized valuations and placed the owner of a block of property on the same footing as an owner of a single lot. My last assessment roll shows an increase over the previous year of \$220,000. This means money to this city, and a man's efficiency in these modern days is judged by the amount of money he can earn for his employers.

If the above facts can be verified by looking up the city records, will you change a faithful employee for a new one?

I herewith publish also the report of the expert accountant who on several occasions has audited the city books.

Hoping to receive your support on April 10, 1916, I beg to remain, Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM J. SMITH.

To the Honorable Board of Trustees, South San Francisco, Cal.—Gentlemen: I beg to report the completion of the annual audit of the books of your city clerk, tax collector, marshal and recorder, and find them all correct in every particular.

I would again desire to make reference to the careful way in which the city clerk keeps the books and city records, and it is a pleasure to find that the treasurer has adopted an up-to-date way of keeping records.

Yours truly,

WM. J. KIDD.

Burlingame, Nov. 13, 1915.

SUICIDE IN THIS CITY LAST NIGHT

Last evening about 7 o'clock Gottlieb Hessmann committed suicide by hanging himself in his room on San Bruno road, between Grand and Baden avenues. The body was seen through the window of his room and Officer Acheson was notified and went in and cut him down. He had been dead only a short time, as his body was still warm when found. He had driven a large nail in the wall in front of the window and attached a small rope to it, with which he took his life.

Hessmann had been out of work for the past two weeks and evidently was despondent, as there was no food in the house and only 15 cents was found. He was about 64 years of age.

Marshal Kneese summoned a jury to view the body and the inquest will be held in the city hall at 7:30 o'clock this evening.

The coroner was notified.

DRUID CELEBRATION TO-MORROW

To-morrow morning the local lodge of Druids will hold its anniversary celebration in this city in Metropolitan Hall. In the morning at 11 o'clock there will be a big parade, in which the citizens are invited to participate with members of the Druids of San Francisco. Following there will be a grand ball in Metropolitan Hall. Dancing from 3 to 11 p. m.

For Sale—One 3-burner gas plate with stand; one double bed, springs and mattress; two certantables and chairs. Cheap if called for within three days. Inquire Dr. Ivan W. Keith. Advt.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

J. M. Custer of San Bruno was a visitor here on Tuesday.

Albert Smith is building a house on his lot on Baden avenue.

George Kuppinger of San Mateo was a visitor here on Tuesday.

George E. Britton has purchased a new Studebaker automobile.

Mrs. Dr. Ferrel of Portland, Oregon, was here visiting Mrs. Savage.

The Mahoney house on Baden avenue has received a new coat of paint.

To-morrow the local baseball team will practice on the new grounds on Linden avenue.

The new grounds for the baseball park on Linden avenue were rolled on Tuesday.

Charles Fenger of San Francisco, formerly of this city, was a visitor here on Monday.

Adolph Wolgeven of San Francisco, formerly of this city, was a visitor here on Friday.

There will be a La France auto fire truck here to demonstrate to-morrow (Sunday) morning.

Thomas Dolan, who had been working at the steel works, left last Saturday for Los Angeles.

Miss L. Parr of San Francisco was visiting her friend, Adrienne Vandebos, in this city this week.

T. J. Mahoney, who has been ill for the past two weeks, left on Thursday for Petaluma for his health.

M. Schmidt, a steel worker, was badly burned last evening at the local steel plant. He is doing nicely.

James C. Wallace purchased a three-room house in San Bruno and had it moved to this city this week.

Miss Grace Hobbler, a former school teacher of this city, was here on Friday visiting Miss Mabel McCole.

William Veit, who is attending college at Santa Clara, came home on Thursday to spend a few days with his parents.

Frank Edwards, an old-time resident of this city and now located at Napa, was a visitor here on Thursday.

P. J. Ayers, superintendent of the Prest-O-Lite Company of this city, left on Monday for Los Angeles for about six weeks.

Mrs. Mattie Dorman of Junction City, Oregon, sister of Mrs. Savage of this city, who was here visiting for the past month, left for her home the first of the week.

E. L. Palany was in the city visiting his folks, making the trip from Antioch to South San Francisco on his new seven-horsepower motorcycle in four hours and twenty minutes. Mr. Palany is with the E. B. & A. L. Stone Company at Antioch.

On Monday work will start on the new concrete power sub-station of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which will be located on the east side of the bay shore tracks, near the steel works. The station will cost \$5000, and a three-room dwelling house will cost \$1200.

Last Monday the members of the Fraternal Brotherhood lodge spent a very pleasant evening after the lodge meeting in making taffy. It is planned to have an entertainment after each regular meeting, and all members are urged to be present to take part and create an interest in the lodge work.

Last Monday evening a very enjoyable farewell surprise party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Mingledorff, in honor of Mrs. Joseph Veverka, who will leave to-day for Gonzales, Cal., where Mr. Veverka has been made station agent for the Southern Pacific Company. The evening was spent in playing whist and light refreshments were served. Mrs. Veverka was presented with a handsome hand-painted plate. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Klee-meyer, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Shirley, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Milam, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dunbaugh, Miss Helen Dunbaugh, Mrs. A. Savage, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Mingledorff, Clyde W. Smith, Stanley Veverka.

JOS. H. NASH OUT OF CONTEST FOR SENATOR

To the surprise of his many friends in this county, County Clerk Jos. H. Nash announces that he has withdrawn as a candidate for the republican nomination for state senator for the district comprising San Mateo, Santa Cruz and San Benito counties this year.

Mr. Nash has made the following official announcement:

"Some time ago I announced that I would be a candidate at the next election for senator in this district. This information has been given to the public by the press of the district, and I desire to express my appreciative thanks to the press for the kind notices which have been given me, and to my friends for countless expressions of confidence and support.

"The voters of San Mateo county have honored me in the past by thrice electing me to the office of county clerk, which office I now hold by their suffrage.

"It is well known among my friends that I have taken up the study of the law, and I find after a personal survey of the district that it will be impossible for me to continue my studies and make a campaign. Aside from these reasons, I can not absent myself from my duties in the office I now hold for the purpose of an election campaign.

"With deep appreciation of the promises of support, under the circumstances which are now presented to me, I feel that, in justice to my future in the career which I have chosen, I should resign my political aspirations, and I therefore respectfully announce my withdrawal as a candidate for state senator."

Mr. Nash is a bright man and a good county official. He has decided to withdraw from this contest after very mature deliberation. He is ambitious and desires to perfect himself in law, is a close student and will make his mark in that profession.

Good luck and success to you, Joe.

Ed Haynes of San Francisco, formerly of this city, is laid up with a bad foot. His many friends here hope he will be out soon.

See The Hub's cleaning establishment ad. in this issue. Advt.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS TO BE ENTERTAINED

The Knights of Columbus of San Mateo county, to the number of 225, will come to South San Francisco a week from to-morrow to receive holy communion in a body at All Souls' Church. It is the custom of this great organization that at least once a year the members of each council assemble for holy communion. It makes no difference how often during the year the members may partake of the sacraments in their own parish churches, they are expected to all join together in annual communion at a church selected by the council.

This year San Mateo Council has selected All Souls' Church, South San Francisco, for the annual communion, out of deference to Father Moran, the newly appointed chaplain of the council. Father Moran succeeds Father Grant of Burlingame, who has been chaplain of the council since its foundation. The knights will come fasting from all over the county (because it is the law of the church that one must be fasting from midnight on the day he receives holy communion), but after mass they will be entertained at breakfast by the local knights. That they may all sit down together it is more than likely that the breakfast will have to be served in Metropolitan Hall.

After breakfast the knights of South San Francisco will escort the visiting knights to the various points of interest in and about our growing and thriving city.

The occasion will be considerable of a boost for South San Francisco and will show that our citizens are not afraid to handle big things when given an opportunity.

MENTIONED FOR STATE SENATOR.

M. B. Johnson, the good road enthusiast of the coastside of this county, has been prominently mentioned as a probable candidate for state senator to represent the district comprising San Mateo, Santa Cruz and San Benito counties.

For sale or exchange for South San Francisco improved property, 8 1-3 acres good land, suitable for all kinds of fruit or alfalfa, on traction line, twenty-five miles south of Sacramento; \$150 per acre. Box 55, South San Francisco. Advt.

See the F. Thomas & Co. dyeing and cleaning establishment new ad. in this issue. Advt.

It Is Well Enough

to DREAM of success. But the people who put EFFORT behind their dreams, turn their visions into realities.

It requires a savings account to make dreams come true.

4% INTEREST ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS

Bank of South San Francisco

COMMERCIAL

SAVINGS



AS A UNIVERSAL FUEL

GAS

WILL RANK SUPREME

IN ANY HOME WHERE IT IS USED FOR COOKING AND THE HEATING OF WATER

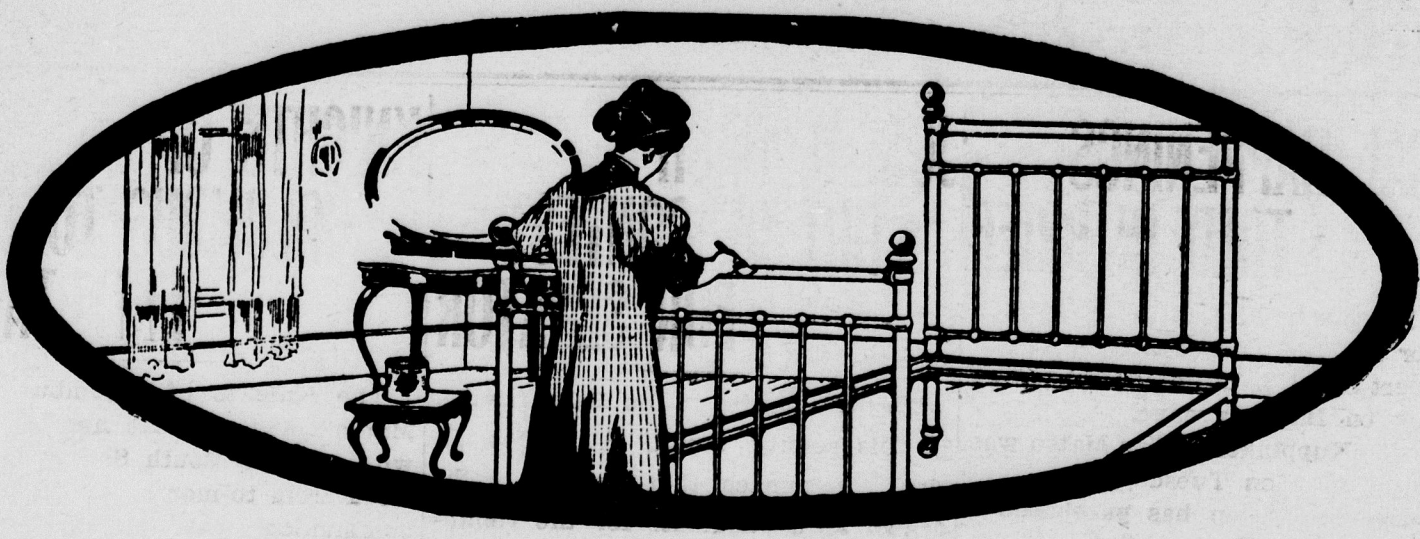
It is ideal because it is—

ALWAYS READY
ALWAYS COOL
ALWAYS CLEAN
ALWAYS ECONOMICAL

Pacific Gas and Electric Co.

REDWOOD DISTRICT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO



A Dainty Enameled Bedroom

Don't you admire a light, dainty bedroom with immaculate linen and draperies, and with walls, furniture and woodwork all *enameled* in pure white or some delicate tint such as ivory or pale blue? You can have one—it is not expensive.

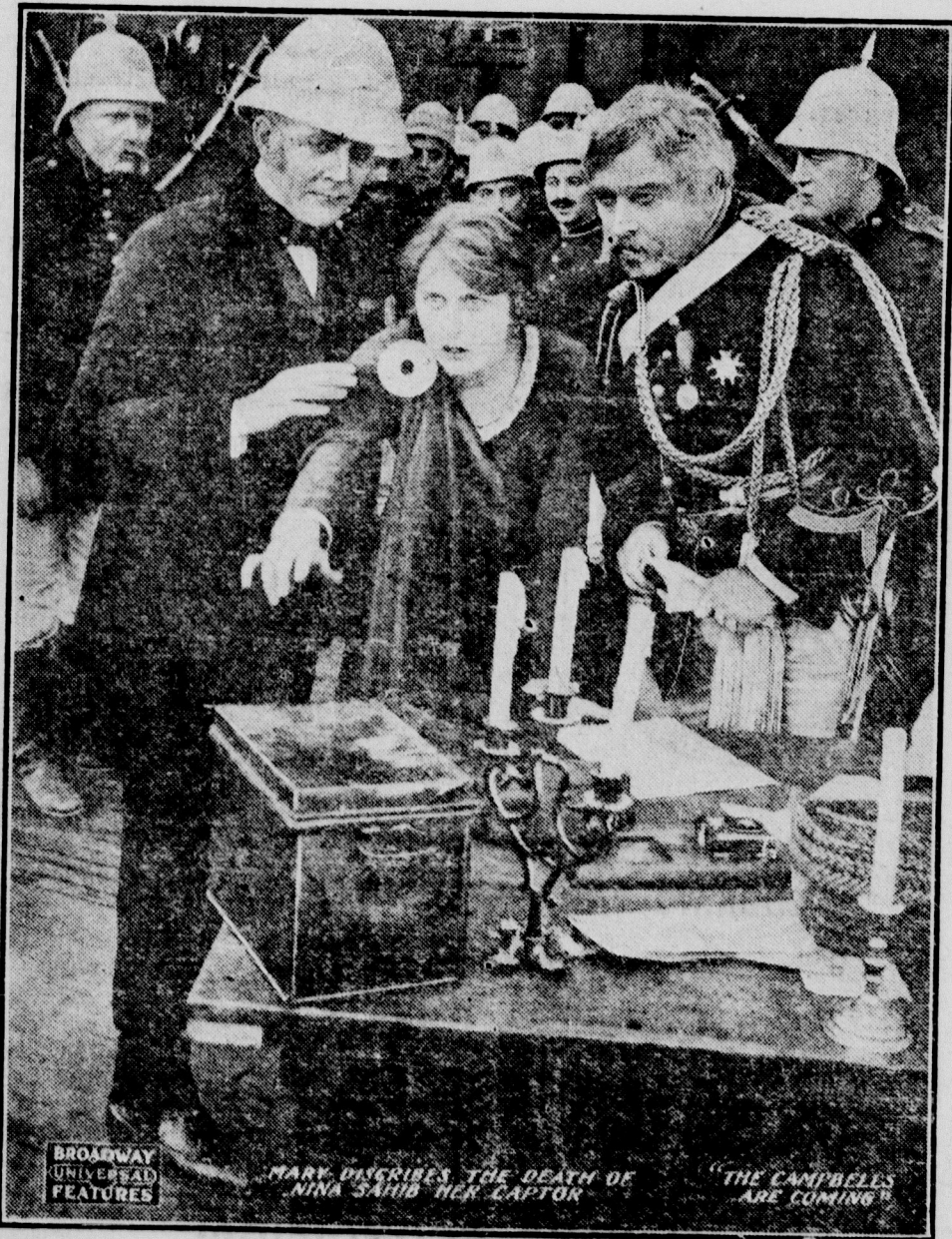
ACME QUALITY
ENAMEL (Neal's)

gives a hard, sanitary, lustrous, genuine enamel surface, easily kept bright and clean. It is offered in delicate tints or rich colors to harmonize with draperies and furnishings.



SOUTH CITY LUMBER AND SUPPLY CO.

Story of "The Campbells Are Coming"



Royal Theatre, Monday, April 3d.

Cast

Nana Sahib.....Francis Ford
The Scotch Lassie.....Grace Cunard
Campbell.....Mr. Denecke
Nana's agent, Azimooah.....Duke Worne
The Lassie's Sweetheart, Harry Schumm
Her Father.....Lew Short
On ascending the throne in 1857,

after his father's death, Nana Sahib, a native Sepoy prince, is informed that the pension given his father during his rule by Queen Victoria of England is stopped, and he sends his agent, Azimooah, to see Queen Victoria, to intercede for him.

On arriving in England, Azimooah sees Queen Victoria, who refuses the petition on the ground that Nana Sahib was only an adopted son of the former ruler. Azimooah, on his return trip to India, meets a little Scotch lassie, who is on her way to join her father, a missionary in India. Azimooah becomes infatuated with the lassie, but on her arrival loses track of her until Nana Sahib sees her and desires her for his harem. The uprising breaks out in India against England. The treachery of the Sepoy, the brutality of Nana Sahib and his followers, the extreme cruelty exercised upon the women and children and the anguish and suffering of the English, follow closely upon her arrival.

During the rebellion at Cawnpore the lassie and her father are taken prisoners and thrown into a fort. Nana Sahib sees her there and takes her by force to his palace and makes her the favorite of his harem, much against her will. She, realizing the uselessness of fighting him, pretends to like him and therefore is given her way in the palace. While he is out with his men she, by a ruse, makes her escape and informs her father and the English colonel of the plans of Nana Sahib and his men. They are able with her information to make some headway against the Sepoys, but she is again captured by Nana and taken back to his palace.

When the Campbells arrive to relieve Lucknow, with the lassie's sweetheart whom she had left in Scotland, Nana Sahib is taken prisoner, but escapes and returns to his palace to kill the lassie before her sweetheart can save her. Her sweetheart gets there before Nana and rescues her. Nana escapes, but is driven to the jungle, where he is left

a prey to the wild beasts without food or drink.

The lassie is reunited with her father and sweetheart, and later returns to Scotland with them.

BULBS IN A BOWL.

An Easy Way to Cultivate Miniature Floating Gardens.

A novel way of growing bulbs, such as crocuses, has been tried with good success. After securing the bulbs the next thing is to get one or two rather large corks. Through these holes are bored and the bulbs fitted into the openings in such a way that the under side, from which the roots spring, is near the lower part of the cork.

Now obtain a large shallow bowl and fill this with pure water. Float the corks, with the bulbs in place, on the surface and set the whole thing aside in a rather shady position for two or three weeks. At the end of this time it will be noticed that the roots are growing down into the water; thenceforward a place in a sunny window should be selected.

The upper shoots of the bulbs will start to grow rapidly, and at this time it is a good plan to arrange a little moss to hide the upper surface of the corks, or, if preferred, however, grass or some other seel, such as cress, may be sown to provide a green covering.

There is nothing to do but to keep the bowl well supplied with water and change this now and again. Finally the flowers emerge, and then the effect is extremely pretty. The bulbs may be planted in this way any time up to early January, though naturally the sooner they are started the earlier they will bloom.

CURIOUS ORIGIN OF A LAW.

It Was Passed in England on Account of Peter Thellusson's Will.

The Thellusson law, once enacted by the British government, was a law to regulate the disposition of property by will and to prevent the excessive accumulation of estates. It has a curious origin.

On the 27th of July, 1797, one Peter Thellusson, an English merchant of French birth, died in London, leaving a certain sum to his widow and children and the remainder of his property, then amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, to trustees to accumulate during the lives of his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren living at the time of his death and the survivors of them. The accumulation would have been enormous. The will was contested, but was held valid. In order, however, to prevent such a disposition of property in the future, parliament passed what was called the Thellusson act, or accumulations act, regulating and limiting bequests in such a way as to make great accumulations impossible.

When Peter Thellusson's last surviving grandson died, in 1856, a question arose as to whether the eldest male descendant or the male descendant of the eldest son should inherit the property, and this question was decided on appeal by the house of lords in June, 1859. The Thellusson will and the legislation growing out of it were a subject of much discussion by lawyers.

Bread Lines.

"Your wife's dinner parties are always beautiful affairs."

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "At first people didn't seem to want to come to 'em, but I guess mebbe the high cost of living is making a difference."

TAXES

1915-1916

Office of City Tax Collector
City of South San Francisco

South San Francisco, Cal., March 1, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that the

Second Installment

of taxes for the year 1915-1916 is now due and payable in my office at the City Hall, South San Francisco, daily, Sundays and legal holidays excepted, up to and including Monday, April 24, 1916, at 6 o'clock p. m., when 5 per cent will be added to all taxes remaining unpaid.

Address all communications direct to the deputy tax collector at South San Francisco, with reference to your taxes. U. S. postal money orders or checks on banks in the county of San Mateo will be accepted without exchange. Checks drawn on banks outside of San Mateo county must include exchange of ten cents on each one hundred dollars.

Deputy Tax Collector, W. J. SMITH,
City of South San Francisco. 3-25-td

POSTOFFICE

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, 8 a. m. to 9 a. m. Money order office open from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Mails leave Postoffice twenty minutes before trains.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES OF MAIL

Mail arrives—	
For the north at.....	6:47 a. m.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	11:58 a. m.
" " south " " " " " " " " " "	12:13 p. m.
" " north " " " " " " " " " "	2:18 p. m.
" " south " " " " " " " " " "	3:41 p. m.
" " north " " " " " " " " " "	4:26 p. m.
Mail leaves—	
For the south at.....	6:47 a. m.
" " north " " " " " " " " " "	8:04 a. m.
" " south " " " " " " " " " "	11:58 a. m.
" " north " " " " " " " " " "	12:13 p. m.
" " south " " " " " " " " " "	2:18 p. m.
" " north " " " " " " " " " "	3:41 p. m.
" " south " " " " " " " " " "	4:26 p. m.
" " north " " " " " " " " " "	7:03 p. m.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.	

South San Francisco

RAILROAD TIME TABLE
June 15, 1915.

BAY SHORE CUTOFF

Northbound Trains Leave.	Southbound Trains Leave.
*6:08 a. m.	6:47 a. m.
*7:01 a. m.	*7:17 a. m.
7:16 a. m.	8:28 a. m.
*7:42 a. m.	10:58 a. m.
*8:03 a. m.	11:58 a. m.
*8:44 a. m.	1:37 p. m.
9:23 a. m.	2:17 p. m.
9:53 a. m.	4:36 p. m.
11:28 a. m.	*5:24 p. m.
1:42 p. m.	5:58 p. m.
3:42 p. m.	*6:25 p. m.
5:14 p. m.	6:47 p. m.
5:32 p. m.	8:27 p. m.
7:04 p. m.	10:16 p. m.
7:28 p. m.	*12:02 p. m.
*8:24 p. m.	
*11:39 p. m.	

* Except Sunday.
† Except Saturday and Sunday.
‡ Saturday and Sunday.
§ Theatre Train.

CITY OFFICIALS

TRUSTEES—G. W. Holston (President),
F. A. Cunningham, Geo. H. Wallace,
J. H. Kelley, J. C. McGovern.
Clerk and Deputy Tax Collector....

.....W. J. Smith
Treasurer.....E. P. Kauffmann
Attorney.....J. W. Coleberd
Engineer and Supt. of Streets.....George A. Kneese
Recorder.....Wm. Rehberg
Marshal.....H. W. Kneese
Night Watchman.....W. P. Acheson
Health Officer.....Dr. I. W. Keith
BOARD OF HEALTH—E. E. Cunningham,
William Hickey, Dr. I. W. Keith,
George Kneese (Secretary).
SCHOOL TRUSTEES—C. C. Conrad, E.
N. Brown, J. J. Dowd.

COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge Superior Court.....G. H. Buck
Treasurer.....P. P. Chamberlain
Tax Collector.....A. McSweeney
District Attorney.....Franklin Swart
County Clerk.....Joseph H. Nash
Assessor.....D. P. Flynn
County Recorder.....W. H. Bartz
Auditor.....M. Sheehan
Superintendent of Schools.....Roy Cloud
Coroner.....Dr. W. A. Brooke
Surveyor.....James V. Neuman
Health Officer.....W. G. Beattie, M. D.

Officials—First Township

Supervisor.....James T. Casey
Justices of the Peace.....E. C. Johnson
Constables.....John F. Davis
.....Jas. C. Wallace
.....S. A. Landini
Postmaster.....E. E. Cunningham

COTTAGES

FOR SALE OR RENT

APPLY TO

South San Francisco Land & Improvement Co

DO YOU KNOW

That a World's Business of Rapidly Increasing Magnitude Is Centering Around San Francisco?

DO YOU KNOW that the captains of finance and industry everywhere predict for San Francisco and her environments from now on a quick development and of colossal proportions, both industrially and commercially?

Do you know that South San Francisco is the best-located and best-proven industrial city to-day within this center of great promise?

Do you know that now is the best time for making an investment in South San Francisco property?

Values will never be less and the possibilities of big increase are everywhere within her borders.

Buy and build at once, for the demand for buildings by good tenants is away beyond the supply.

Inquire at the Office of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company for Information

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent

Office Open Sundays, Bank Building

**NEXT TIME
YOU BAKE---**

USE

CALIFENE

It will make your friends wonder how you get that nice, rich, savory crust they somehow cannot bake. Be generous. Give them the secret. Tell them about Califene, the new shortening that makes every baking day cheerful. Be sure they remember the name Califene, made in South San Francisco and sold everywhere in California.

ASK YOUR DEALER

Manufactured from the purest vegetable oil and selected beef fat in a modern and sanitary plant under the watchful eyes of U. S. Government Inspectors.

Western Meat Company

THE ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday by the
Enterprise Publishing Co.
E. I. Woodman, Manager.

Office, 312 Linden Avenue. Phone 126

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second-class matter, December 19, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year, in advance.....\$2.00
Six Months ".....1.00
Three Months "......50

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1916.

CLUB AND SOCIETY NOTES.

Our readers are respectfully asked to furnish The Enterprise with items of club, social or personal nature that they know of for publication.

The Woman's Club meets on the first and third Thursdays of each month at Lodge Hall, Metropolitan building, at 2:30 p. m.

THEY LOOK BAD.

When you walk along the street and see the gutters strewn with refuse, it looks bad.

When you see empty bottles decorating the dark corners, that looks bad—and suspicious.

When you see papers blowing around over town it indicates that people are thoughtless and careless. It is bad.

When you see broken glass around under foot it is pure negligence, and is both bad and dangerous.

When you see kitchen garbage dumped into the back yard or tossed over the fence, it looks bad and smells worse.

When you see vacant property littered with debris of every nature, it, too, looks bad—is offensive to the mind as well as to the eye.

When you see a back yard littered with accumulations of garbage, it looks worse than bad.

When you see a front yard down at the heels and going to seed, you wonder—but, then, we'll let you finish the sentence.

Just how bad are we, anyway?

THESE LOOK GOOD.

Paved streets kept clean and in repair.

Business houses and residences kept neatly painted.

Front yards with concrete walks, flower beds, and vacant spots seeded and frequently mown.

Back yards so clean they compel admiration.

School yards sanitary and with adequate playgrounds for children.

Store windows with neat displays of goods and a spirit of thrift in evidence.

Churches well filled on Sundays. No street corner loafers and bums. A strong spirit of civic pride.

Everybody hustling for himself and boosting for this town.

These are good signs—push them along.

There are two classes of people in every town. The first never loses an opportunity to better their own condition in all legitimate ways and at the same time advance the interests of the community as a whole. The other class—well, they are just the other class, and that's all.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Pure water, you know, is an aid to digestion. Fill 'er up again.

Oh, yes, the world will speak well of you—if you deserve it.

A bright smile is a golden asset in business.

If we keep right on rating this as a good town others will soon be thinking as we do. Give 'er another boost!

Miss A. Vandenbos, graduate of the Conservatory of Music in Brussels, will give music lessons on the piano and harp at Linden Hotel. Lessons \$1.

ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH.

The subject for Sunday evening, April 2d, 7:30 o'clock, by the pastor will be "Christ's Reply to the Pharisees on the Sunday Law." It is in the form of an exclamation, "How Much, Then, Is a Man Better Than a Sheep!"

Special music by the choir. All are cordially invited.

There will be a contrast given by a picture blackboard drawing.

The choir will sing "The Ninety and Nine," solo and chorus, Roscoe Corley singing the solo.

On Sunday evening, April 16th, there will be given a Palm Sunday sermon by the pastor. Good music. A program for Passion week is being arranged by the pastor, in which there will be services from Sunday evening, April 16th, through the week, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The following divines have promised to assist: Drs. E. R. Willis, Alfred Cummer, the Rev. Joseph Kenyon of the San Francisco Free Will Mission and the Rev. J. E. Prescott of San Francisco.

The week will close on Easter, April 23d, 7:30 o'clock, with an Easter sermon and appropriate music. A fuller program will be published next week.

Sunday school, 10 a. m.

Prayer meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30 o'clock.

Junior League, Wednesday afternoon, 4 o'clock. Miss Ivy Wilkinson, superintendent.

Rev. T. A. Atkinson, pastor. Phone 186M, San Bruno.

FIRST OF THE SECOND GENERATION.

There was born in this productive city on March 27th to the wife of Clyde Martin a little baby girl.

The mother of this lovely bit of womanhood in embryo was herself the second girl baby to be born in this city, and she was the only daughter of Marve and Doriah B. Menzie.

This first born of the house of Clyde Martin is therefore the native daughter of native daughter number two of South San Francisco, and the very first of the second generation of the native born of this city.

So it is recorded, and Clyde Martin is rightfully proud and happy.

LETTER LIST.

List of unclaimed letters at the postoffice in South San Francisco, March 31, 1916:

Domestic—Wilson, Michael.
Foreign—Barbero, Marcello; Banchero, Angelo; Lavigne, Mathilde; Teraldo, Francesco Varela.
E. E. Cunningham, Postmaster.

See the F. Thomas & Co. dyeing and cleaning establishment new ad. in this issue. Advt.

WHY THIS CITY SHOULD HAVE A NEW HIGH SCHOOL

Following is a paper from a local high school student on the subject of the need of a new high school for this city. This is an important question, and The Enterprise would be pleased to have citizens interest themselves on the subject by sending their ideas to it for publication. Write legibly and on only one side of the paper.

Why We Should Have a New High School.

The subject of a new high school has long been discussed by the high school students and other persons interested in the schools. Whether we have a high school or not depends upon the people of the town, and they should all take an interest in the education of the children.

The present high school building will not be large enough for the number of students who will want to attend at the beginning of the next term. There is a large number of children who will graduate from the grammar school this year who will be glad to get the high school education, which if there was no high school in town they would have to go without. Many families are coming to town because of the new factories, and there will not doubt be many children who will attend high school.

A greater variety of studies would be offered to the children, as more room would be given for the arrangement of the different apparatus that the various studies require. Domestic science and manual training, both of which many students want, could be installed in a new school, while the one we now have would never be able to have more than a few students. A gymnasium could also be installed. All of the studies we now have cannot be taught as they should because of lack of room to set up the apparatus.

All the children now going to the school are interested in athletics, but because of lack of playground space they cannot indulge in them as freely as they wish. The high school students cannot play when the grammar school children are out for their recess and noon hour. If we had a new high school, the students would have their own playground and so would not interfere with the grammar school children. For these reasons we should have a new high school.

MYRTLE KIESSLING.

SAN BRUNO M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. T. A. Atkinson, Pastor.
Sunday school, 10 a. m.

Preaching, 11 a. m.

Junior League, Tuesday, 3:20 p. m.
Mrs. Margaret Turner, superintendent; Mrs. T. A. Atkinson, assistant.

An Advantage.

"What are your qualifications for the position you seek?" asked the eminent official.

"I don't know anything about the job," replied the confident candidate. "That doesn't constitute a qualification."

"Maybe not exactly. But when you get ready to proceed with reforms, it makes me easier to get on with because I haven't any prejudices to overcome."

For Sale—Five-room house and lot; price \$750; sold on easy terms. See L. M. Pfluger. Take San Mateo car and get off at San Bruno crossing or phone San Bruno 129. Advt.

See The Hub's cleaning establishment ad. in this issue. Advt.

Shirts of Quality

In purchasing shirts one should exercise the utmost care to see that the size is correct, the quality of the best and style right. We provide all these essentials.



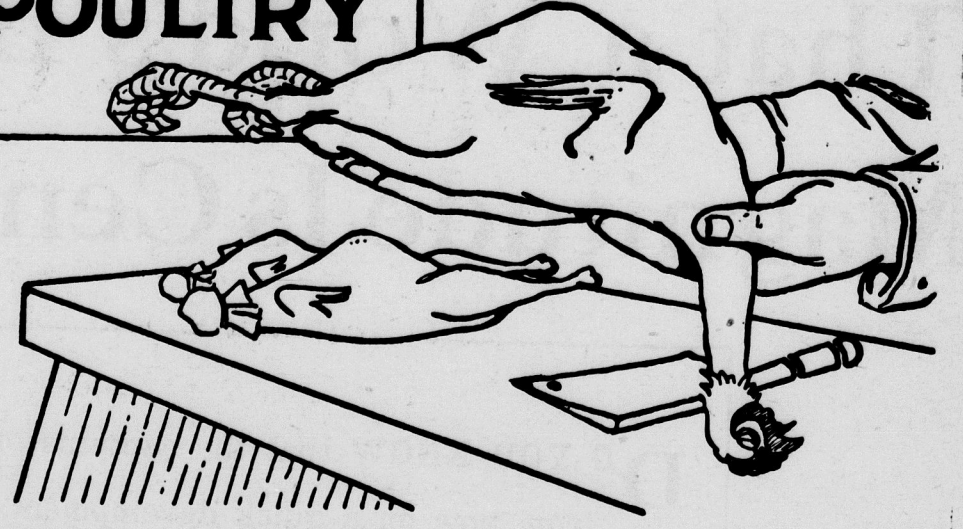
Neckbands, buttonholes and cuffs made to withstand the wear and tear of laundries.

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South San Francisco

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WE are placed in an exceptionally fortunate position as regards poultry. We can supply you with the finest in the market.

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Shop Open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. (closed on Sunday)

First delivery goes east, 8 a. m.; second delivery goes west, 10 a. m.; third delivery goes north, 2 p. m. Free delivery once a day if order is in time as designated.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

REESE LLOYD

Candidate for
City Trustee
Election April 10, 1916.

G. W. HOLSTON

Candidate for
City Trustee
Election April 10, 1916.

A. F. SCHMIDT

Candidate for
City Trustee
Election, April 10, 1916.

ROYAL THEATRE

Program Week Commencing Sunday, April 2d:

Sunday—Francis X. Bushman in "Pennington's Choice," five acts.
Monday—Grace Cunard in "The Campbells Are Coming," five acts.
Tuesday—Marguerite Clark in "Seven Sisters," five acts.
Wednesday—High-class vaudeville and professional tryouts.
Thursday—Blanche Sweet in "Stolen Goods," five acts.
Friday—Eleventh episode "The Red Circle" serial.
Saturday—Alma Hanlon in "The Devil's Prayer Book," five acts.

Best Shoes for Winter

Your health demands the wearing of a "safe" shoe during the winter months, a shoe that will keep the feet warm and dry. We have just that identical shoe and are selling it at popular prices, for men, women and children. We also are making close prices on Rubbers, and guarantee the quality to be of the best.

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Cor. Grand and Spruce Avenues

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208 Linden Avenue

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CIGAR STAND

MANUEL MONIEZ, Prop.
First-class brands of CIGARS and TOBACCOS always on hand. 222½ Grand Avenue.

FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

Francis Drake Lodge, No. 376, F. & A. M., meets at Metropolitan Hall first Friday every month for stated meetings.
J. G. Walker, Master.
H. F. Mingleford, Secretary.

Tippecanoe Tribe, No. 111, Impd. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting brothers welcome.
Chas. Dovin, Sachem.
Daniel Hyland, Chief of Records.

South City Aerie, No. 1473, F. O. E., meets every Tuesday evening in Metropolitan Hall, 8 o'clock.
Geo. E. Kiessling, Worthy President.
W. J. Smith, Secretary.
Visiting brothers welcome.

South City Lodge, No. 832, L. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers welcome.
C. J. Hyde, Dictator.
Henry Veit, Secretary.

Court Violet, No. 1453, Independent Order of Foresters, meets every Tuesday at 8 p. m. in Metropolitan Hall.
George W. Hagedorn, Chief Ranger.
John J. McDonald, Secretary.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. J. C. MCGOVERN

DENTIST

Office: Galli Building

South San Francisco, San Mateo Co., Cal.

J. W. COLEBERD

ATTORNEY AT LAW

South San Francisco, San Mateo County, Cal.

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H. W. SCHABERG, Secretary, Redwood City, Cal.

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UNDERTAKING CO.

530 Grand Avenue

Neil Doyle and Wellar A. Stead

(Deputy Coroner)

LOCAL UNDERTAKERS

Phone South San Francisco 219

FRATERNAL ORDERS

I. O. F.

(By George W. Hagedorn.)

Foresters and invited friends numbering more than 125 were guests last Tuesday evening of Court Violet, No. 1453, Independent Order of Foresters. The "stag smoker" was held in Metropolitan Hall. No one who attended failed to derive pleasure from the program, a variety of vocal and instrumental music and boxing matches. Then the banquet, with plenty of good smokes to top it off.

The entertainers were the best gotten together in many days. Joseph M. Fagundes with his piano-acordion played selections that were well hailed by the large audience. Roscoe Corley, accompanied by Ernest Langenbach, made a great hit with his vocal selections.

William Castro in songs, accompanied by Jess Monise on the mandolin and Ernest Langenbach on the piano, received their share of the well-earned applause.

Then came the pride of athletic sports. The boxing exhibitions were of the best staged in South San Francisco in years. The referee, F. Schmidt, acted in all bouts of the evening, with William J. McGrath official timekeeper.

The first contest was between the Costa brothers, both displaying plenty of science, putting up a fast entertainment.

The second bout, between J. McGuire and F. Menzie, was fast, "Froggy" making his comeback good, being a little overweight. He worked fast and before the bout was over had lost several pounds of the surplus.

Ryan and Doyle showed class, displaying neat footwork and clinching now and then when tired.

F. Schmidt and E. Wesley of the featherweight division were up and at it from the start to the finish, the bout ending with both boys showing the large crowd what two South City boys could do, throwing science in the air.

The closing event was between Bob Hagedorn and Fred Menzie, both displaying some of the old-time stuff that they used to show a few years ago.

A few of these entertainments will do lots of good in making the younger generation go in for athletics.

High Chief Ranger J. P. Murphy of the northern jurisdiction of California was then introduced and made a very impressive address, followed by High Secretary E. N. Cameron, who is always there with a series of funny sayings that had the crowd in an uproar.

Following came the banquet, such as can only be served by Peter Lind. Professor Barto, Ebey and Langenbach gave such music as only professional skill can produce.

Members of the different fraternities of South San Francisco of San Francisco heartily approved of the good time enjoyed. Several applicants made their wishes known to become Foresters and will have their wishes fulfilled.

Mr. Murphy stated that the supreme court had continued the dispensation for another thirty days, so get busy. Bring in the new member while there is time.

GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

8:00 a. m. Holy Communion.

10:00 a. m. Sunday school.

11:00 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon.

Monday.

2:00 p. m. Meeting of Grace Church Guild.

Tuesday.

7:45 p. m. Full evening service, with address by the Rev. Charles A. Verleger, rector of St. Peter's Church, Redwood City.

Wednesday.

8:00 p. m. United Lenten service at St. Luke's Church, corner Van Ness avenue and Clay street, with sermon by the Rev. Charles L. Miel, rector of St. Peter's Church, San Francisco. Subject, "Our Need of the Scriptures."

Thursday.

7:30 p. m. Choir practice in Guild Hall. Very important. Easter music.

Friday.

7:30 p. m. Confirmation class meets in the church.

AS THE EDITOR SEES IT

Now get a tight grip on yourself while we dish up a few more editorial thinklets. Of course we will not presume to pass upon the wisdom of our remarks, for, as you know, great minds do not always follow the same channel, and yours may be wandering around in search of richer food for intellectual consumption.

First off, we are going to speak gently of yourself—a subject, doubtless, of some slight interest to you. We know you, and your friends know you, but do you know yourself? Are you fully acquainted with you possibilities, and your limitations? But let's eliminate the limitations and deal only in possibilities. You are a valuable asset to this town and this community, because you have brains, and energy, and perseverance, and are capable of doing much for the place we all call home. Perhaps, though, you are not making the best use of your qualifications. Possibly diffidence keeps you in the background when you should be in your rightful place well up toward the front and talking and working for the advancement of this town and this community. We suggest that you step lively, and get to the head of the column, and make yourself a leader. The more leaders we have the less followers there will be, and when we all get to be leaders there will be no limit to the splendid things we can accomplish. Yes, we think you can do it, and others think so, and now we want to see you both think and do.

Now come to life and give us an answer to this question, "What are the two things most urgently needed for the commercial advancement of this town?" Of course not every person will think the same, but we want to know what YOU think. There are many improvements and conveniences needed—things that will be of practical cash value to us—and we would like to tell the people what you think, what everybody thinks along this line. And you would enjoy reading those suggestions yourself. Now suppose you sit right down and write out, in a few words, what you consider the two things most essential to the future welfare of our town and our people. Do it to-day, and hand or mail it to us. We want to publish each suggestion, with the name of the writer attached. That will be one step in getting somewhere, and the next step will be a little easier. We don't want to stand still while other towns march by and leave us in their dust. You are just as much entitled to voice your opinions as others are theirs, and we want to publish it. Now watch the next issue of the paper and see how many of our citizens are sufficiently interested in the future of this town to catalogue its needs. Don't let yours be the missing name. The invitation is open to all.

Now take a tighter grip on yourself and talk these things over with your neighbors. Talk is often cheap and valuable at one and the same time. And it's time to talk—and act.

CLOTHES CLEANED
AT THE HUB

We are prepared to clean clothes in a first-class manner. We have installed an auto service. By phoning to us we will promptly call for and deliver all orders.

CHAS. GUIDI, Prop.

313-315 Grand Avenue, South San Francisco

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Rx



For coughs and colds use our remedies. They insure quick relief.

Beware of That Cold!

A stitch in time saves nine. A remedy taken for your cold saves serious trouble—bronchitis, pneumonia, tubercular complaints. A cold is so easy to catch at this time of the year, and it generally lasts unless you shake it right off. Our remedies for coughs and colds are recommended for your consideration and for your use.

PENINSULA DRUG CO.

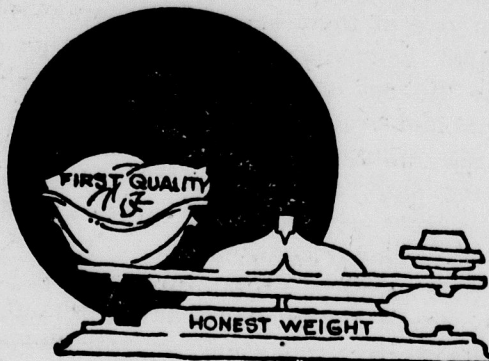
Drugs and Stationery

South San Francisco

IT'S easy enough to claim that this grocery store is the best within your reach. Claiming so doesn't make it so. But as a matter of fact we not

only claim it, but we back our claims up with the facts. Our extensive lines of reliable groceries should appeal to your discriminating taste.

You are guaranteed full weight and first class grades. Our prices are full of pulling power. Let us quote them to you. Make us your grocer.

J. CARMODY
Fancy Groceries and General Merchandise

PAINTS AND OILS

315-317 Linden Avenue, South San Francisco



SAFE AS A FORT

is the house that is protected by a policy of insurance. No one can tell when a fire may come and sweep away the home, it is best to be prepared to meet the emergency. We place fire insurance in all the leading companies, and can give you the best rates obtainable. Insure now, before the fire comes.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM & CO.

Real Estate and Fire Insurance

Postoffice Building

South San Francisco

**GET THOSE
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**FOR
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BATH AND
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**BRASS
OR
NICKEL
NECESSITIES**

BATHROOM fixtures of every improved sort. Tubs, basins, toilets and shower baths suitable for all classes, styles and sizes of rooms and dwellings. Polished metal appliances that do not lose their luster. Plain and fancy faucets and soap holders. Everything in the plumbing line here.

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Sanitary Plumbing and Gasfitting

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If You Want
GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from

THE GREAT ABATTOIR

AT SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

San Mateo County - - - Cal.

Curusis Bros.

Dealers in
Staple Groceries, Fine Fruit and
Vegetables

IMPORTED OLIVE OIL

Fresh Fruit Daily Quick Delivery
243 Grand Ave., South San Francisco

FOR SALE

Five-room house, electric lights, bath and gas, plastered, papered, newly painted; on paved street; lot 50x140. A bargain if sold at once. See JOHN F. MAGER, Sales Agent Land Company.

For Sale—Good old papers. 15 cents hundred. Apply this office. Adv.

Lost and Found.

When Robert Dwight married Mildred Corson every one said that they would be happy if Dwight did not go on the stage, for which he had a strong leaning. Mildred was very much in love with him, and it was feared that if he was separated from her, to be surrounded by actresses, not only would she be jealous, but he might be tempted to leave her in the lurch.

They were married early in February, intending to go south to meet the summer coming north. A large number of friends saw them joined, pelted them with rice and old shoes, and they were driven to the dock from which they were to sail. On boarding the ship they found their stateroom a mass of flowers sent to them by their friends. In two or three days they found themselves in Jacksonville, Fla.

To Mildred Dwight, who had been a lonely little stenographer when Robert fell in love with and married her, this leisurely life of the well to do was a delightful experience.

Robert Dwight was far from poor, his business was a prosperous one, and there was no economizing during this wedding trip. And, best of all, there was waiting for them in New York a luxuriously furnished apartment which was to be home.

No wonder the Dwights were blissfully happy, and it is not surprising that on this winter morning Mildred looked from her hotel window into a summer land of tropical flowers and singing birds and decided that this was heaven indeed.

Robert had gone out to buy some cigars at a queer little tobacco shop at the end of a crooked street, and when he returned they were going for a long drive under the palms.

Mildred glanced at the clock. Robert had been gone over an hour, and the motor car was waiting below.

Another hour ticked away and thirty minutes more.

After the manner of brides, Mildred became alarmed over the long absence of her loved one, and, twisting a white chiffon veil over her little hat, she went out to look for him. She knew the way to the tobacco shop, and she soon reached the crooked street.

Her heart sank when she saw that down its length were an unusual number of people.

Had anything happened to Robert? She moved through the crowd, not daring to ask for fear of the answer she might receive, and she had nearly reached the end of the street and the shop when something happened—something that shattered her beautiful bubble of happiness and ended the most blissful of honeymoons.

Mildred saw Robert coming out of the tobacco shop. He paused in the doorway and lit a cigarette. How handsome he looked in his well fitting white flannels, with a white hat set back on his dark hair! He tossed the match away and glanced up the street.

His face brightened into radiance, his eyes glowed with excitement and love's ardor.

Mildred thought he saw her, but he was looking at another woman, a woman who was running down the opposite pavement. Nay, she was only a slight young girl, exquisitely lovely and evidently in deep distress.

As she ran toward Robert he advanced to meet her with outstretched hands. The cigarette he had tossed aside performed a blazing parabola and fell at Mildred's feet. But she did not see it.

Her anguished eyes saw nothing save the glad look in Robert's face and the joy of the girl as she flew into his waiting arms.

"You!" cried Robert.

Mildred saw no more. She fled back along the crooked street with a wildly beating heart and an insane desire to laugh aloud.

Did any woman ever have such an odd ending to a honeymoon?

An hour later she left the hotel with her trunks and handbag, and what excuse she made to the clerk I do not know, but there was no mes-

sage for Robert Dwight when he came home at last to find her gone.

Six months later and it was summer time in New England. Mildred Dwight had resumed her maiden name of Mildred Corson and had obtained a responsible position in one of the large manufactories of a Connecticut city.

As Miss Corson she acceptably filled her position and won her way into the hearts of her fellow clerks. Not one of them knew of the tragedy which had blighted her honeymoon, nor did one of them guess that Mildred had ever been a bride.

She found a pleasant boarding place and congenial friends. In the city were several good theatres and an occasional concert.

Still Mildred was very unhappy. She loved her husband, and, although Robert was making a worldwide search for his vanished bride, she maintained silence toward those who had known her in the past.

There came a Saturday in August with its customary half holiday from work. Mildred had spent a quiet afternoon in her own room, and after the evening meal one of her new acquaintances, Cora Fields, came with an invitation to attend one of the open-air moving picture theatres.

Mildred rather liked the silent drama, so clad in dainty white gowns, the two girls entered the inclosure and found seats near the front.

Overhead the stars were shining, and outside the inclosure was the hum of city street traffic. The orchestra was unusually good, and Mildred found herself strangely stirred when the violins drifted into McDowell's beautiful "To a Wild Rose." The orchestra had played the melody during their first meal in that Florida hotel, and it brought back painful memories of her brief spell of happiness.

Then the title of the play was flashed on the screen:

"Lost and Found."

With the first picture came a realizing sense of looking upon familiar scenes. Surely, surely this was the sunny south and the quaint streets those of Jacksonville.

And the girl!

Mildred almost rose from her seat and cried out with surprise as she recognized the lovely face of the heroine as that of the woman who had flown to Robert's arms. So Robert's sweetheart was an actress!

One scene after another flashed before her vision, melting into a whole, which brought her, trembling and incredulous, to the moment when she found herself gazing down the crooked little street of the tobacco shop.

Then she saw her own slender figure and white veiled face looking toward the shop from which her husband, Robert, was emerging, lighting a cigarette. The entire scene was repeated, incident for incident. He tossed away the match, glanced up the street, became eager, alert, tenderly smiling, flung away his cigarette and advanced with outstretched arms to meet the heroine's graceful flying form.

Robert in the moving picture! Why, how had it happened?

All the way home she was asking herself the question, and through the darkness of her perplexity and doubt came one ray of light. During his college days Robert had been one of the college players and was considered a talented amateur actor.

"I am glad he married the girl," sighed Cora, as they reached Mildred's door.

"Yes," said Mildred absently, "but he was married before that."

"Who was married before?" asked Cora, puzzled.

"Why, Robert, of course."

But there was no Robert. His name was Arthur.

"I am stupid to-night," was Mildred's only explanation as she parted from her friend.

The next day Mildred obtained leave of absence and in her straightforward way went directly to New York and called at her husband's office.

She was trembling like a leaf when

she was shown into Robert's private office.

He stared at her as one looks at the newly risen dead. His face was thin and worn and his brown hair sprinkled with gray.

"Robert!" she said meekly, and then promptly fainted away. When she opened her eyes she was lying on the leather sofa, and Robert was on his knees, weeping over her. His eyes were red and anxious.

"Can you ever forgive me?" was her first cry.

"Yes, dearest," he said generously. "But tell me what happened to send you away from me that day? I have searched land and sea for you, and I had given you up for dead when you appeared before me."

In a few broken sentences Mildred told her husband of her surprise and jealousy that day in Jacksonville and how when she was assured of his perfidy she had taken a train for the north and disappeared. Then the motion picture play on the screen had thrown a ray of light on the matter.

Robert's explanation made that ray a brilliant light of understanding which cleared up the mystery which had parted bride and groom for almost a year.

"You remember I told you I always acted in our college theatricals," he reminded her, "and many of my friends had urged me to enter the profession. But I did not seriously consider it and only now and then hankered to tread the stage."

"But that morning in Jacksonville I started down to the tobacco shop with only one thought in my mind—to get back to you. As I turned into the street I met my old friend of college days, Jack Budlong, president of our players' club. He was glad to see me and tearing his hair insanely over the fact that his star performer had come down with the measles that very morning."

"Budlong fell upon me like a long-lost brother and pleaded with me to take the part of the measles one. So I did, and when I reached the hotel, full of my experiences and with Miss Gray and Budlong accompanying me to meet the only woman in the world, why, my wife had vanished without a word. So you believed that I was false to you?"

Mildred's punishment had been great, indeed, and she humbly acknowledged her lack of faith. "But how was I to know?" she asked pitifully.

Robert smiled wisely.

"In great love there is no faltering of faith," he gently reminded her, as he drew her face to his shoulder. "As the man in the play lost and found his sweetheart, so I lost my wife and have found her."

"With a greater love for you and unwavering faith," finished Mildred.—By Clarissa Mackie.

STILL DOES THE DICTATING.

"Miss DeClique," said her employer, "you have been a faithful worker during the last year and I believe you will make some man a good wife. May I hope to claim you as such?"

"Mr. Oldboy," replied the blue-eyed blonde, "I appreciate your kindness in making me this offer, but before accepting it I wish to say one word. As your stenographer it has been your privilege to dictate to me, but if I become your wife I shall reserve the right to do all the dictating myself, and—"

"Pardon me for interrupting you," said the old man, "but further words are unnecessary. You will continue in your present position, Miss DeClique, and I will add an extra dollar to your weekly salary, which will enable you to drown in ice cream soda any hopes that my words may have raised."

Incomplete Comprehension.

"A great many people talk about things they don't understand."

"Of course," replied Miss Cayenne, "if we all thoroughly understood everything it is considered necessary to talk about, we should all be immoderately wise—and sometimes rather impolite."

Teacher—What is the difference between the sun and the moon?

Pupil—Please, sir, the sun's bigger and healthier looking than the moon because he goes to bed earlier.

CALIFORNIA NEWS ITEMS IN BRIEF

Between eight and nine tons of gold is on deposit in the vaults of the State Treasury.

President Woodrow Wilson will have a personal representative at the Marin flower pageant.

The residents of Yucapa valley are hopeful of the extension of the electric line from Redlands.

Within the past week 40,000 sacks of rice have been shipped from the Maxwell warehouse at Colusa.

A Young Women's Missionary Society of the First Methodist church was organized at Chico this week.

The Chambers of Commerce of San Bernardino and Riverside counties have made plans for an organization.

The opening of the new pier at Redondo Beach will probably be postponed from April 29 to a later date, it is said.

The fight for an appropriation for a lighthouse and fog station at Point Vicente has been renewed by Congressman Stephens.

Mexicans, residents in Los Angeles, have been smuggling opium into that city, and were arrested while attempting to dispose of it.

The total amount due to veteran pensioners at the Old Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica for the quarters ending March 4 was \$193,695.59.

Every shower during the next few days will cost apricot growers of Santa Clara valley thousands of dollars, according to fruit experts.

The Southern California Exposition Commission wants more money of Ventura county in order to carry on the exhibit at the San Diego fair.

The twelfth little boy of the Los Angeles Japanese colony to be run over by a heavy truck died within a few minutes after entering the hospital.

The condition of General Harrison Gray Otis, editor and general manager of the Los Angeles Times, who is seriously ill, was reported better.

The affairs of the Penn Valley Creamery are in excellent condition. The creamery is producing about ten thousand pounds of butter per month.

Father Michael McNamara, pioneer priest of Merced, dropped dead at his home last week. He organized the Catholic church of Merced in 1873.

The manual arts department of the State Normal School at San Jose was destroyed by fire of unknown origin last week. The loss amounts to \$35,000.

The new road to be built from the Kern county line to the top of Mt. Whitney will be 94 miles long, and will reach the highest point in the United States.

Articles of incorporation of the Diamond Ridge Water company were filed in Placerville this week. The capital stock of the new company is given as \$500,000.

Seventy-five snakes, most of them rattlers, nesting in a rocky crevice in the Greenhorn district, four miles from Yreka, were killed by dynamite a few days ago.

The baseball spelling match between the Williams grammar school and the Williams Native Sons Parlor proved a walkover for the school, the score being 65 to 2.

Mrs. Sue Lawson, who shot and killed Frank C. Elfering, Culver City milkman, in a struggle over milk bottles, has been exonerated of all blame by a coroner's jury.

First steps toward the organization of a State pear growers' association were taken at a meeting of orchardists of the Sacramento River Delta district held in Courtland.

"Mother" Devine, who operates a notorious resort on the Stockton road, has been indicted by the Sacramento Grand Jury upon a charge of selling liquor to girls under 18.

A career of thirty years as a hermit ended a few days ago with the death of Dr. John O. W. Ford at his cabin in the American river canyon, a few miles from Towle station.

Mrs. Joseph Fernandes and two small children of Snelling were burned seriously, one child fatally, from a gasoline explosion which also destroyed the living room of their home.

Nine sticks of dynamite were found planted under the Southern Pacific bridge, near the Nevada street depot, in Auburn, last week by two boys who were playing on the bridge.

Fire Chief James Kenney, for twenty years head of Berkeley's Fire Department, lost his life in a fire a few days ago at the \$200,000 plant of El Dorado Oil Company in Berkeley.

The first wooden building ever built in Marin county out of "sawed" lumber, is being razed to make way for

Theodore Woolsey, an eighth grade student in the public schools of Sebastopol has been working for several months on an aeroplane, and expects to have it completed within a few weeks.

Four Japanese fishermen of the launch Alaska are under arrest at Avalon for violating the State law for District No. 20, prohibiting the use of nets within the three-mile limit of Santa Catalina Island.

Increase of more than fifty per cent in automobile insurance rates in Los Angeles may be expected shortly if automobile thefts in Los Angeles county continue at their present rate, it is reported.

Ernest Stevenson, a Visalia laborer, sentenced himself to a year in the county jail in Judge Knox's court, after pleading guilty to a charge of drunkenness. The verdict was set aside by the judge as excessive.

District Attorney Landis of Auburn, has decided to have a complaint issued against Arthur De Costa, a Southern Pacific engineer, for the death of Andrew Perry, whom he is alleged to have shot in Roseville last Sunday.

Alpine county had but one correct pair of scales up to the time State Sealer of Weights and Measures Charles G. Johnson sent a deputy from the State office to make an inspection of all weighing and measuring apparatus.

Several members of the Los Angeles county grand jury and of the Board of Supervisors conferred in regard to the investigation of food given to the county prisoners and the price charged against the county by Sheriff Cline.

Though no friends or relatives appeared to carry out his dying request that he be taken outside the confines of San Quentin prison for burial, John Morrissey last week got his wish through the generosity of his fellow convicts.

The contest in the will of Mrs. Ida Reddan, which was filed in Fairfield, Solano county, by her mother, Mrs. Anna Emery Watson of Auburn, Placer county, has been dismissed. The property of the estate was valued at \$5000.

By the arrest of Frank Thurston at Woody, Federal authorities have uncovered a most unusual counterfeiting scheme. It is said Thurston covered copper "buttons" with gold and exchanged them at a Placerville bank for specie.

The Maywood colony nursery, owned by W. H. Samson, at Corning, shipped citrus trees to Yokohama, Japan. This is the first order the nursery has sent to the Orient, and naturally the directors are quite proud of the order received.

Snow in the upper San Joaquin watershed with an average settling of two inches every twenty-four hours was recorded by the United States Bureau of Forestry as having a depth of seventy-two inches, a gain of fifteen inches over 1915.

The possibility of a compromise in the foreclosure suit brought by Mrs. Annie E. K. Bidwell against the Annie E. K. Bidwell Orchards, Inc., at Chico, in which the recovery of about one-quarter of a million dollars is sought, is hinted at.

Though he dropped five stories down an elevator shaft in the Standard Oil building, San Francisco, when the elevator cable parted, Edgar Anderson, the operator, escaped from his thrilling experience with but slight bruises and contusions.

On charges of grand larceny in the alleged stealing of high grade ore from the Twenty-One mine, near Allegheny, Bert Packard, Evan Davidson and Frank Flint were held for trial in the Superior court with bonds of \$3000 or cash bail of \$2000.

G. O. Peterson, a prominent raisin man of Arbuckle, will receive the highest price ever paid for raisins in that section, \$160 per ton being the contract price. Peterson owns 100 acres of vineyard and now has a gang of 12 men planting 35 acres more.

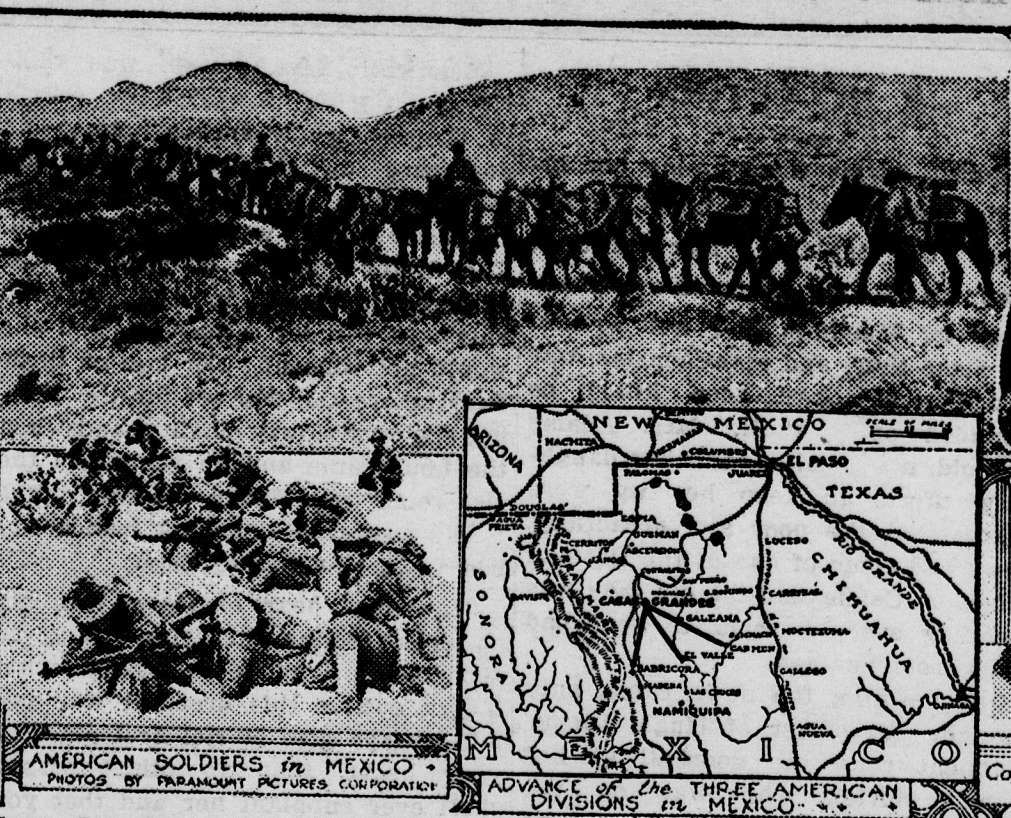
W. J. Schultz of Clipper Mills, having declined to serve as a freeholder to frame a charter for Butte county, as he could not spare the time from his business, T. F. Hornung of Wyandotte was chosen to fill his place as a representative of the Third Supervisor district.

Plans looking to the consolidation of the Home Telephone Company and the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, both operating in Los Angeles, were begun last week, when directors of the former authorized President A. B. Cass to open negotiations with the latter concern.

Braving the dangers of German submarines in order that she might wed the man of her choice, Miss Edith May Burne of Middlesborough, England, arrived in Sacramento a few days ago, and shortly thereafter was married to John Appledore Mitchell, a well-to-do rancher of Yolo county.

Admiral VON CAPELLE
PHOTOS BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

CONGRESSMAN HAY

AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN MEXICO
PHOTOS BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION

ADVANCE OF THE THREE AMERICAN DIVISIONS IN MEXICO



PREMIER BRIAND

SEN. THOMAS TAGGART

News Snapshots Of the Week

Reaching Casas Grandes, General Pershing's punitive expedition into Mexico against Villa spread out into three sections to cut off the bandit. Traces of the enemy were met with, but no stand was made against the Americans, although Carranza's troops, continued with less severity, while Germany's enemies met in Paris to form a closer entente, headed by Premier Briand of France. Following the placing of Admiral von Capelle at the head of the German navy, factions have arisen which are working to send Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg into retirement and restore Von Tirpitz. Governor Ralston of Indiana named Thomas Taggart to succeed the late Senator Shively. In the preparedness fight in congress the bill fathered by Representative Hay of Virginia for the enlargement of the army was passed.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

YOU NEVER CAN TELL JUST WHAT THE FISH WANT.

It was on a big lake on the American side that I met an Indian one day, and he was good enough to point out to me a number of good fishing places, and together we visited several. Now an artist of the bow would not feel at all complimented to have his instrument referred to as a fiddle; neither does an angler like to have his implement called a fish pole. My Indian friend used a rod, and a good one; furthermore, he changed frequently, but all to no purpose, for the fish were not rising, and upon my frequently urging him to use bait he only laughed and replied that it was more sport to catch them with a fly, and that the expectation of getting a fish kept up the interest.

On other days when I met him he always was fishing with a fly. In the march toward civilization he had outstripped me. I was left, as it were, way back in the stone age, for I used a minnow, being still unenlightened enough to believe that an incidental part of fishing is to catch a few fish and to offer them something that they wanted rather than to use something which, for the time being at any rate, they did not want.

As the altitude of this lake is over 1000 feet in a mountainous country, where the wind sweeps it for forty miles, it is frequently visited by squalls, and it's best not to allow a little pride of skill in boat handling to stand in the way of seeking shelter, for in two minutes after a squall strikes the lake is white and roaring. Fortunately, however, on most large lake these squalls can be seen a number of miles off, giving one plenty of time to get under cover.

Having been caught in several squalls and once in a heavy wind when the prospects seemed likely to spending the night in the woods without matches, on the next trip I meekly exchanged the small craft I had been using and took a three-seated rowboat—and some matches. A much longer acquaintance with this body of water would, I think, have resulted in my using a whaleboat.

At the southern end of the lake and so near that you may throw a stone from one side to the other, is a small pond. Fishing in it from a pile of logs one morning I heard a sharp whistle, and turning saw striding along a stout figure. He was a Frenchman and a red-haired one, too. Over his shoulder he had—yes, it certainly was a fish pole, for it was a freshly cut sapling and must have weighed two pounds or more. At the tip end the excess fish line was wound in a large wad—the hook and sinker, such as are sometimes displayed where salt-water outfits are sold. A jug cork strung on the line completed the outfit.

Following at his heels came a pointer, an intelligent, beautiful animal, evidently of fine breeding. From remarks which he directed toward the dog it was evident that there was an understanding and a bond of friendship between the two. My fellow angler could not reach the water very well from where he stood, so I

invited him out to a seat beside me on the logs. He walked out, seated himself, baited up, and hurled in the heavy sinker. Once the pole escaped from his grasp and fell with a splash into the pond, but he recovered it and stuck the butt end into the logs. He then took off his moccasins and paddled his feet in the water.

It struck me that all these proceedings were not calculated to enhance the value of the spot as a fishing stand. Hero, the dog, in the meantime had his doubts as to the safety of a string of fish at the foot of a steep bank, and so dragged them up higher until assured that they were perfectly safe. On a previous excursion he had made a dash for a trout that escaped the hook, so his master told me, but was just too late.

But events were now taking place at the pile of logs. The jug cork went under and bore majestically away on an underwater trip. After allowing proper time for the fish to gorge the minnow, the Frenchman rose upon his bare legs, gripped the pole and set the hook with a snap. It was evident at the start that a fish of no mean size was fast to the rig, and soon I saw down in the water the shadowy form of a salmon that any fisherman would be proud of and would for a time have been lost to everything but the matter in hand.

Not with Sandy, for his first thought was for his companion, and while sailing the fish around with a tight line, he turned his back upon it and faced the shore. "Her-r-o! See! See here. Be-e-e-g fe-s-h. O! awful be-e-g wan. See him! He-e-r-o!"

"He-e-r-o" saw and at once assumed the proper degree of astonishment, as he sat in the sand gazing round-eyed at the splashing tumult. Nothing short of a porpoise could ever have escaped from such tackle, and the salmon was soon dragged ashore, where "He-e-r-o" was given necessary information concerning its fine points.

To those who have thrown their hat in the grass and crawled on all fours, that they might reach carefully over into some well-threshed pool and drop in an attractive lure at the end of a mist-colored snell or leader, with failure the only result, it would seem from our Frenchman that there might be something wrong either with material or method. True, the jug cork is an important item in the outfit of some, but when such is the case it sometimes happens that crawling on all fours is the only means of locomotion finally left to the fisherman, and this, too, on some occasion perhaps when crawling on all fours would not be in accordance with the usages of good society. Sandy flung the pole over his shoulder, locked his finger and thumb in the gills of the salmon, climbed up the steep bank to the Canadian Pacific track and trudged homeward, "He-e-r-o" proudly in his lead.

The ever-widening circular ripple here and there on the little pond marked the spot where some fish had flicked an insect from the surface. Over in the tangled cedar thicket on the farther shore the white-throat sang, for it was the month of birds and—some anglers.

CHOMPERS AND SWAMPERS

"I was in the lumber company's supply store, 'way back in the hemlock belt, not long ago," said John Gilbert, the traveling groceryman, and a native, evidently from still further back, came in.

"Well, Simon," said the storekeeper to the newcomer, "what's the prospect's up on the barrens?"

"Why, I tell you, Joe," replied the citizen from the barrens, "both kinds o' chompers is goin' to come in fair to middlin'. Swampers, though, looks as if they was goin' to run a le-e-e-tle shy this season. Ez fer black crackers, socks abustin'! they are bound to come in thicker 'n hair on a poodle!"

"O' course!" said the storekeeper, with a snort that seemed to denote contempt for black crackers, whatever they were. "We kin always count on them fer a crop! Well, what do ye calc-late the rulin' figgers is goin' to be?"

"Why, I tell you, Joe," said the man from the barrens country. "We'll hef to tax ye ez much ez six fer chompers, an' fer swampers, way they'm lookin', can't be laid down to ye fer less'n eight. But ez fer black crackers, now—"

"Never mind the black crackers!" talk black crackers when the time comes fer 'em. Jag in all the chompers ye kin git from now on, an' ye can't git too many swampers."

"The man from the barrens said all right, and after a little trading he went his way. My curiosity got the better of me, and I took the risk and said to the storekeeper:

"I'm just goat enough, Joe, to want to know what kind of goods it was you ordered from that man from the barrens?"

"What kind o' goods?" replied Joe, plainly astonished at the question. "Why, ye don't mean to say ye don't know huckleberries? I've heerd o' folks that didn't know beans, but I never see nobody afore what didn't know huckleberries!"

"I know huckleberries, all right," said I, "but ain't chompers and swampers and black crackers queer names for huckleberries?"

"Not fer huckleberries," said Joe. "They might be for buckwheat cakes, but not fer huckleberries. Chompers and swampers and black crackers is all different styles o' huckleberries, the way we know 'em in this here lay o' timber. Fer instance, why chompers? Well, sir, that is the high an' low bush 'arly blues, the fust ones to come along in the season, and fust rate stayers at that. They're the ones that folks 'll stop ez they pass along by 'em to pick jest for to chomp, an' if berry pickers wants to eat while they're pickin' they'll give all t'other kinds the go by an' chomp the 'arly blues. So that style o' huckleberry got the name o' chomper ez long ago ez the fust settler in this garden spot o' Pennsylvania ever chomped."

"Then ez to swampers. Swampers is them big reddish black fellers that with a leetle sugar on 'em and drowned in cream comes jest about ez nigh to makin' a dish better'n

stewed prunes with pits outen 'em ez nigh kin be—an' twixt me an' you, John, an' don't let it go no furder, stewed prunes with its pits outen 'em to my likin' is 'way ahead of any p'serve that grows!"

"Swampers grows on bushes so big sometimes that ye've got to climb 'em fore ye kin pick the berries, an' 'd make a weasel sick to think o' havin' to squeeze through 'em. I dunno what they'd call these big juicy berries if they did grow in swampers—taters, mebbe, fer they ain't 'zac'ly sweet nor 'zac'ly sour, but a sort o' betwixt an' between. Then ag'in, swampers is so lickin' good that if they didn't grow in swampers an' was easy to git at mebbe they'd be the chompers themselves, an' then the question 'd come as to what the 'arly blues 'l be, an' that 'd kind o' onstetle things; so th' ain't no doubt but what matters is jest about right the way they lay."

"Which fetches us along to black crackers. Them fellers comes late an' stays with us till 'way long in the fall, an' if they had ez much flavor to 'em ez they hev seeds they could give the chompers an' the swampers nine p'int's an' win easy. This style o' huckleberry grows on a high bush on the barrens, an' the hotter the sun is on to 'em the blacker an' seedier they git."

"Ez ye pass along through this here stretch o' kentry ye'll git black crackers sot out to you with milk an' sugar lots o' places, but ye mought jest about jest ez well pitch in an' gobble a sasser o' glass beads. But in pies the black cracker goes good enough, an' I never go back on it when th' ain't no chomper puddin' or swampers an' cream."

"Yes, yes, John! Chompers, swampers an' black crackers. They mought be queer names fer buckwheat cakes, but not fer huckleberries. An' so ye see ye didn't know huckleberries arter all!" said Joe, and I had to own up that I didn't."

HUMBLE PEANUT COMING INTO OWN

There's a shortage of peanuts this year. The whole Texas crop was gobbled up in jigitime last fall. And the shortage has revealed a condition that is news to the grower. Recently a New York house made inquiries into the southwestern market. This concern said it was ready to buy, at a stated price, \$200,000 worth of peanuts.

Hitherto the peanut business has been looked upon as a nickel business. Few have realized its worth. Then Denmark sent in inquiries. Denmark wants peanuts and peanut meal. Denmark used to buy peanut meal for its cows and its hogs in southern France. The war has cut off this source. France is not exporting peanuts or peanut meal.

So the question arises: If Denmark can come to Texas and buy peanut meal, transport it across the Atlantic, and make money—what might Texas farmers do, Texas dairy farmers, if they made peanuts and pigs by-products?

Also they are making all manner of things from peanuts these days—

breakfast foods and oils, peanut butter, substitutes for meats and fats, and other mysterious things.

"Peanut oil is as fine as olive oil, and can be made for half the price," said an oil man. "It can be bleached so white that it will not color the daintiest of white confections. It makes as fine mayonnaise dressing as pure olive oil. It is rich in food value."

The demand for peanuts next year is likely to be tenfold what it was this, with the new uses in sight. Also, the crop this year is short.

NOTICE INVITING SEALED PROPOSALS OR BIDS TO FURNISH THE CITY OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO WITH A MOTOR-PROPELLED, COMBINATION CHEMICAL AND HOSE WAGON.

Sealed proposals or bids will be received by the Board of Trustees of the City of South San Francisco until eight o'clock p. m. on Monday, the 3rd day of April, 1916, for furnishing to said City of South San Francisco one piece of motor-propelled fire apparatus, to-wit: A combination chemical and hose wagon equipped with two forty (40) gallon chemical tanks and with a capacity of carrying 1000 feet of standard fire hose. Such combination chemical and hose wagon shall meet the requirements of the specifications adopted therefor by said Board of Trustees on the 16th day of March, 1916, the which specifications are now on file in the office of the City Clerk. All bids must be accompanied by detailed specifications.

Sealed proposals or bids may be delivered to the City Clerk on or before eight o'clock p. m. of Monday, the 3rd day of April, 1916.

The Board of Trustees hereby reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the Board of Trustees of the City of South San Francisco.

Dated March 16, 1916.

WILLIAM J. SMITH, City Clerk.

NOTICE OF ELECTION.

Notice is hereby given that a general municipal election will be held in the City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, on Monday, the 10th day of April, 1916, at which election the following officers shall be voted for:

Member of Board of Trustees.

Member of Board of Trustees.

Member of Board of Trustees.

City Clerk.

City Treasurer.

Notice is hereby given that at said general municipal election the following proposition will be presented to the qualified electors of said City of South San Francisco and shall be voted upon at said municipal election:

The proposition to pay each member of the Board of Trustees of the City of South San Francisco each month, as compensation for the services of each such member of said Board of Trustees, the sum of Fifteen Dollars (\$15.00).

For the proposition to pay each member of the Board of Trustees of the City of South San Francisco each month, as compensation for the services of each such member of said Board of Trustees, the sum of Fifteen Dollars (\$15.00).

Any voter who desires to vote in favor of said proposition may do so by stamping a cross (X) in the voting square on the right hand margin of his ballot, after and opposite the word "YES," and after such ballot shall be so stamped and deposited in the ballot box it shall be canvassed and counted, as provided by law, as a vote in favor of such proposition.

Any voter who desires to vote against said proposition may do so by stamping a cross (X) in the voting square on the right hand margin of the ballot and opposite the word "NO," and after such ballot shall be so stamped and deposited in the ballot box it shall be canvassed and counted as provided by law as a vote against said proposition.

Notice is hereby also given that at said general municipal election the polls will be opened from the hour of six o'clock a. m. to the hour of seven o'clock p. m. on the day thereof, and that during said hours said election will be held at the legally designated polling places in each consolidated election precinct in said City of South San Francisco, as hereinafter set forth, and that the following named persons have been appointed to serve as election officers in their respective precincts, to-wit:

South San Francisco Municipal Election Precinct No. 1:

Judges, Mrs. Ellen Smith and Mrs. Nellie Donovan; Inspectors, W. L. Hickey and W. F. Brown; Clerks, Mrs. Jessie Woodman and Daniel McSweeney.

South San Francisco Municipal Election Precinct No. 2:

Judges, M. Foley and Richard Harder; Inspectors, Mrs. Mary Merckes and Mrs. Emma Daneri; Clerks, W. C. Schneider and Mrs. Sarah Ingraham.

In South San Francisco Municipal Election Precinct No. 1 the polling place is the Fire House at No. 415 Grand Avenue. In South San Francisco Municipal Election Precinct No. 2 the polling place is at the City Hall at No. 370 Linden Avenue.

Dated March 14, 1916.

WILLIAM J. SMITH, City Clerk.

CERTIFICATE OF TRANSACTION OF BUSINESS UNDER A FIDUCIARY NAME.

I, Harry Speros, do hereby certify that I am now transacting business at the City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, under the name of Superior French Laundry; that such business consists in the operation of a laundry at said place; that I reside in said City of South San Francisco and that I am the only person interested in said business.

Dated February 24, 1916.

Internal Revenue stamps in amount of

10 cents. HARRY SPEROS.

State of California, County of San Mateo.—ss.

On this 24th day of February, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen before me, J. W. Coleberd, a Notary Public in and for said County of San Mateo, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Harry Speros, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the County of San Mateo, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

J. W. COLEBERD,

Notary Public in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California.

3-4-5t

AMERICANS RUSH TO GET INSURED

The war to-day and the contemplation of it, and the fear of a war tomorrow, according to the insurance people, is largely responsible for a rush of American citizens to become insured against what the future may bring.

The recent increase in the business of insurance agencies in New York and to a less degree throughout the whole nation has totaled hundreds of millions, and conservative estimate, based on the rise during the first two months of the current year, shows that the companies expect to write fully a quarter of a billion dollars more insurance this year than last.

Reasons for the tremendous growth in insurance are numerous as seen by different agents, but five in all are considered to be the most potent in persuading people to insure themselves. The most important reasons are: prosperity in the country, and the consequent easy money; the realization of the terrible possibilities of the future brought about by the suddenness with which all Europe was plunged into war; and the fear that this country may be at war any moment and therefore the desire to provide for the family in any emergency before it is too late. In addition to these three may be added two: elements in the technique of insurance itself, with the scientific training now given to agents, and the possibilities offered by two comparatively new forms of insurance—group insurance and business insurance.

The ill effects of the war on the companies which had been in business in Europe before the war are said to be slight, about one million dollars being the most that any company has lost through its risks being killed in the conflict, and this loss, all assert, is more than covered by an increase in business in this country, and the extra premiums which the companies were accustomed to charge in the case of foreign insurance. Canada and England to-day are the only countries in which American life insurance is obtainable, and in these every policy written has a war clause requiring that the insurance does not cover death due directly or indirectly to the agency of war.

Restrictions on Foreign Travelers.

Insurance for citizens of the United States has restrictions of the same sort placed on travel in foreign countries, while many of the companies refuse absolutely to insure a man who intends to go abroad. It was said that, should this country go to war, Americans who wished insurance would have to submit to a war clause, now only in the policies issued to army and navy officers, while policies which had been written in times of peace would cover the holder without restriction of any kind.

Lawrence Priddy, president of the life underwriters' association of New York, and general agent in New York for the New York Life Insurance Company, believes that while prosperity had a great deal to do with the growth of life insurance during the past year, there must also be considered the war and the new type of insurance called business insurance.

"Two conditions in the financial world," he said, "always make for good business in life insurance. I mean extreme prosperity and times of panic. We have now the first, and I may say that our company here has done 49 per cent better so far this year than last. Money is easy and business men listen when one talks to them about insuring their lives. But with all this we should not forget the effect of the war, whether it is mentioned or not."

"If any one had told you two years ago that by now all Europe would be in a death struggle to the tune of killing a hundred thousand a day you would have believed it nonsense. Yet it has happened and the contemplation of it makes any sober man realize that he can't tell what the future may bring. His thoughts naturally turn to providing for those dependent on him, and he buys life insurance."

"Another thing that troubles many of our people, especially the younger men, is the possibility that in a few months this country may find herself at war. I have had any number of applications seeking life insurance

from members of the national guard and from others who expect to go if they are needed by this government."

Harboring Pain.

A Japanese proverb says: "When you take poison, don't lick the plate." How much happier a place the world would be if that advice were taken! The principal reason the higher animals suffer less than man is that they do not think about their sufferings.

Servian soldiers enjoy a pension, granted only to invalid cases. The ordinary veteran who does not suffer some injury which would render him invalid does not receive a pension, military service in Servia being compulsory. Invalid pensions in Servia are paid by the year—that is, each applicant who is granted a pension receives a certain sum each year. In case the soldier receives injuries which would render him partially invalid he receives only part of the yearly amount, most likely one-half, but in case of the soldier being totally invalid he gets the full amount.

RETIRED BURGLAR TALKS

"Speaking in a general way," said the retired burglar, "it is easier to get into people's houses in summer than in winter, for the simple reason that in summer people are more likely to leave doors and windows open for air and ventilation. And so you might think that summer would be the easiest and most profitable part of the year for men in my profession. But if you thought that you'd simply be showing that you were not old enough to know that if it isn't one thing it's another; that wherever you find great advantages you are sure to find some drawbacks; you never find anything that is all velvet."

"One great drawback to my business in summer is due to mosquitoes. You might wonder what mosquitoes have got to do with burglary, but they have a lot to do with it; they keep people awake. No matter how easy it may be to get into a house it does you no good if you find the people awake after you get in; and I have had that experience often, though one time I woke the people up myself. In this house, one summer night, just as I reached the doorway of the room I was making for, a giant mosquito landed on my cheek. Instinctively I reached up and swatted it. That slap on my cheek in this quiet house sounded like an explosion. Really it startled me and it had the same effect on the man asleep in the bed in front of me. He woke up and sat up all in one bounce."

"Of course I never did that again. Often I have stood in a house, eaten alive by mosquitoes, and never moved a muscle. One thing you do learn in my business anyway and that is self-control. Another trouble is that in summer you never can tell whether the man in bed is really asleep or not. I have stood silently in a room that was still as death with the man in the bed sleeping apparently as sound as a log, and then all of a sudden I have heard a loud swat and then I've heard the man say to himself: 'Well, I got you that time,' or maybe something quite different. He had been keeping so still, actually holding his breath, waiting to catch that mosquito. More than once I have had precisely that experience."

"As I grew older and came to have more sense I avoided as far as I could mosquito infested districts and sought places on higher, drier ground where, less disturbed, people slept better; or, if I was particularly attracted to some place where mosquitoes were plenty, I selected the houses that were well screened. This may seem a minor detail to bother about, but I assure you that it is of importance. I don't doubt for a moment that I owe my success in more than one summer job to just that careful looking after little things."

"Still, summer burglary is a ticklish business anyway, and then there is the further drawback that summer nights are short, giving you less time in which to get away. So in the later years of my active life I gave it up almost entirely and devoted myself practically wholly, as you might say, to work in winter, when general conditions are more settled, the nights longer and when people generally sleep more soundly. The summer work looks attractive, but it never really appealed to me."

A DECEPTION

Muriel Adams was nursing her invalid mother in their home in the north of England. Her brother, Hugh, a soldier with the British army in Flanders, had not written for some time, and apprehension was felt that he had been killed or wounded or was ill. Mrs. Adams was old, nearly blind, and her daughter's efforts to keep her up were wearing on the poor girl dreadfully. News had come of one of the German drives on Calais, and the old lady was dreading every moment to hear bad news from her son.

One morning the news came, sure enough. An officer of Hugh Adams' regiment rang the doorbell at her home. Muriel, who was on the watch, answered the summons, and Lieutenant Arnold Brewer broke the news to her that her brother had been killed in the late drive.

Perhaps it was that Brewer's voice was very like Hugh Adams'; perhaps the old lady, who was listening on the floor above, wished that her son was below. At any rate, she mistook the comer for Hugh and called out feebly:

"My boy, my boy! Come to your mother!"

Muriel looked at the officer in despair. Brewer saw the situation and resolved to stave off the critical moment. Mounting the stairs, he suffered the poor mother to put her arms about him and weep on his shoulder. Muriel, who realized that the deception would soon be exposed, ran up the stairs and, separating the two, said: "There, there, mother. You are not strong enough to bear this. Hugh, go below. I will take mamma back to her bed, and she may see you again later."

Brewer, who had shown signs of breaking down under exposure in the trenches, had been given a three weeks' leave that he might recuperate. Having been thus suddenly drawn into a deception, neither he nor Muriel could see a way out of it. Muriel, in addition to her grief at the death of her brother, now had the burden of keeping up a deception which, if revealed, she feared would cause her mother's death. After disposing of her mother, when she had separated Brewer from her, she went downstairs, and the two held a consultation as to what should be done next. It was decided to tell Mrs. Adams that Hugh was obliged to report himself at a certain military station some distance from the Adams home, that he had gone to do so and could not get back till the next day.

Before his return Muriel summoned the doctor and informed him of the situation. He said that his patient was at a very low ebb, but he hoped she would soon be stronger. He therefore advised keeping up, if possible, the deception till she was in a better condition to bear the shock. He volunteered to assist her in this by telling Mrs. Adams that he would not consent to her receiving her son more than once a day and that only for a few minutes. She must be kept very quiet and not excite herself.

This helped matters very much, so far as keeping up the deception was concerned, for it would have been impossible for Mrs. Adams and Brewer to be much together without an exposure. Unfortunately Mrs. Adams did not improve. Indeed, she became weaker every day. Lieutenant Brewer was kept from his own home except when an excuse could be invented for his leaving the Adamses. But for this he was not very sorry, since he found the playing of brother to Muriel Adams very attractive. Then, too, Muriel needed much comforting. He longed to take her in his arms, smooth her hair and whisper encouraging words in her ear.

The constant watching lest Mrs. Adams should become possessed of their secret also tended to draw them together. Every day when Brewer visited Mrs. Adams, Muriel was with them and contrived to render it unnecessary that he should do much of the talking, fearing that her mother would discover the deception from his voice. She also coached him before the meeting took place and led the conversation into such channels as would be safe. All these things drew the bonds between Brewer and Muriel closer.

Meanwhile Mrs. Adams was sinking and the day for Brewer's return to the front was approaching. The departure of her supposed son affected the invalid adversely, and the leave-taking was dreaded by all. The doctor and her daughter united in begging her to let the supposed Hugh go without a good-by, and she would not consent. For two or three days before the day set for the parting she was slowly sinking, and when the hour came and he went into the sick-room with Muriel she was dying. The two were kneeling beside her bed when she said to them:

"I cannot bear to leave you, my children, feeling that you are to be separated. Promise me, Hugh, that if you outlive this dreadful war you will always give Muriel first place in your heart, that no other person shall ever supplant her and that you will cherish her so long as you both live."

"I promise," replied the young man, and the dying woman knew by the fervent tone in which he spoke that he would keep his word.

So died one who supposed she was taking leave of her son who had already gone before her. Arnold Brewer rejoined his command, leaving an engagement ring on Muriel's finger.—By Ruth Graham.

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